

Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MAC LEONNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraphic report of the news of the world for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.
The new office in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

MEMBER:
Associated Press.
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An average snowfall of 27.7 inches for the entire state is doing pretty well for Sunny Kansas.

It is beginning to feel a little bit like spring, but there is no telling what the weather will be tomorrow.

Surely there can be nothing in the reports that Germany is menacing Holland. It would appear that Germany already has her hands filled to overflowing.

Should there be any fight left in Jack Johnson when he gets back to France, a place can probably be found for him on the firing line in the western war zone.

Italy is evidently planning to delay her entry into the European war until the end of it is in sight. In other words, Italy seems to be playing a game of the heads-I-win-and-tails-you-lose variety.

Aren't the goosebore weather prophets the disagreeable folk? Some of them are willing to stake their reputations that a killing frost will soon visit these parts and others are sure that we are due for a snowstorm in May.

Topeka life will lose considerable of its spice and once again become one continual round of monotony when it is deprived of the voluminous monthly rations of policemen's reports that have been its portion for the past two years.

Not a few of the veterans of our Civil war are probably shaking their heads skeptically at the news from Berlin that one of the Prussian regiments in the eastern arena of the war recently staged a march of 122 miles in five days and went into battle on the fifth day without stopping to rest.

Although the wheat acreage in this country is better by this year than it has ever been before, the present estimated yield of 619,000,000 bushels is still 65,290,000 bushels less than last year's crop. In all probability the United States wheat crop of 1914 will hold the bumper record for many years to come.

War, like the rain, falls on the just as well as the unjust. Notwithstanding the fact that Spain hasn't even come close to getting into the European conflict, she is now the scene of serious rioting on the part of her population because of the high and ever-increasing prices of foodstuffs that have been brought about by the war.

It is almost inconceivable that the nations now at war in Europe have lost almost 2,000,000 men during the eight months of its duration, as the military expert connected with an Italian Socialist newspaper estimates. But his conclusions seem reasonable that a military victory will not end the war and that it will only come through the reciprocal exhaustion of the forces participating in it.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Great gratification is expressed in national Republican circles over the election of Republican mayors in several of the larger cities of the country, and in one or two of them, such as Chicago, for example, that are looked upon as Democratic strongholds. They interpret these victories as important straws that indicate which way the political wind is blowing and as auguring for the success of the Republican presidential candidate at the election in 1916, which happens, by the way, to be only eighteen months away. There must be corresponding gloom among the Democrats, although, of course, they are not giving voice to it. Indeed, those Democrats who have expressed opinions in the premises insist that the results in the municipal elections are not of any particular significance in their bearing on national politics. This is as it should be, even if it is not. Partisan politics have no proper place in the municipal arena. Most of the problems that confront a city are of a purely social nature. They are far from being political. And this is being more generally recognized on all sides every day. The time is passing quickly, if it hasn't already disap-

peared, when the average voter approaches the solution of his city's problems by casting his ballot for candidates for city offices regardless of their qualifications and fitness for the places but merely because they are members of the same political party to which he holds allegiance. The commission system of government is one of the agencies that is driving the party label out of local politics. Others should be developed for those cities that are not wise enough to adopt this form of municipal rule.

A NEW STATES OPPORTUNITY.
There is considerable attractiveness to the suggestion that another state be added to the Union. Several such have been made during the past few years. One contemplated a division of New York into two states, one of which would consist of New York City and its environs. And New York has a sufficient population to make two states healthy. One of the states contemplated the splitting of Texas into two commonwealths, and what Texas lacks in population for the making of two states, it has in area. The latest contemplates the formation of two states by a division of Montana, with the people of western North Dakota asking to be "let in on it." And it is barely possible that this will come to pass. The people of Montana are working enthusiastically to bring it about. If it should, the possibilities are almost limitless for such a new state to begin doing business with its house pretty well set in order. It could organize itself along the lines of all that is best in the realm of statehood and its conduct that has been learned by the oftentimes bitter and expensive experience of all the other states in the slow process of their development. Some of the newer states have already reaped such advantages by placing in their constitutions principles and policies that it has taken years of strife and turmoil for other states to settle and accept. But a new state now could even profit by many of the mistakes and errors that some of the oldest states have been made to the union have committed. And it could do some experimenting, that would be worth while, such, for instance, as placing its legislative affairs in the hands of a single body of reasonably small membership. Indeed, the opportunities are countless for the creation of a new state that would take place at a start, as a model commonwealth, so far as its organic law and pretensions are concerned. And the workings of such a model statecraft would not be without its large advantages to the other and older states. It might open the eyes of some of them to their possibilities.

Poor excuses are evidently better than none in the hurst for divorce. A Cleveland woman wants one because her husband made her life more or less miserable in his protests against her wearing corsets.

THE JITNEY IN TEXAS.

No new field that might possibly support a magazine, or publication of some sort, is long without one in this country these days. Hence the appearance of The Jitney Bus, printed in New York City, No. 1, Vol. 1, of which makes its appearance in this section the other day. Among the articles in it that are of general interest where ever jitney bus traffic has been injected as an important problem for municipalities to deal with, is one that tells what Beaumont, Tex., has done in this particular. This town has a new ordinance which requires that a license must be obtained by every jitney driver. This license contains all the rules and regulations. The application for it must contain much information regarding the car, its make, power, rating capacity and horsepower. The proposed route must be designated and the termini and schedule which the applicant desires to observe. After thus setting forth the route and schedule, he must maintain it. If he says he is going to run from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. he must maintain a regular schedule between those hours. He cannot lay off during the dull hours and make quick trips during the busy hours. The jitney must not stop nearer than 20 feet to the curb on the crossing street. This leaves the crossing open for pedestrians and for those who wish to get on the street cars. A car seating five people must pay a license fee of \$20 per year; seven people \$30 a year, and for every passenger over 10, \$5 per person. The operator can not carry more than the stated seating capacity of his car and must not carry any one on the running boards or outside the body of the car. The word "Bus" must be printed in large letters on the car. It must have lights and other facilities. The owner must file an indemnity bond of \$5,000 for any one person injured and \$10,000 for two persons injured. And thus it is seen that the question of providing regulations for jitney bus traffic is following closely on the heels of the institution of this new variety of street conveyance service.

How is it that some humorists have failed so far to suggest that there wouldn't be much flitting in the Carpathians were an interesting commerce commission on the job there?

"THE HOPE OF THE WORLD."

Christ is the Hope of the World because He is the one Leader who has sufficient in wisdom, creative force, and stability to knit the whole of humanity into a whole divine. He is no tribal partisan. Already in His time-scarred hands He holds the threads of the misconduct of the nations and is knitting them into a remedial scourge. He has in preparation a new nationality too self-respecting for jingoism, too respectful of other nations to be quarrelsome, writes Bishop Charles H. Brent, in the April number of the North American Review. A world of persons can be unified only by complete Personality. The incomparable energy of co-operative international

peace cannot be bought by money, molded by machinery, or bullied into being by great armaments. Now it is because Christ, the offering of the most persistent nation in history, is superior to nationality by being whole-man (not super-man) instead of part-man as the mere nation list of mankind. Others well skilled to speak, will treat exhaustively of the congeries of valuable agencies, mechanical and otherwise, which will make for a higher order. I would confine myself to the one central figure that alone can give full meaning and power to all the rest. In a world of men that which counts is either personal or personized. Consequently Christianity can never be a formula. It must be preserved (or revived) as a life principle controlled from moment to moment by its author. Principles call for acceptance first, then precise application. Christianity to live must always be original in its sense of re-acceptance from the hand of Christ, and re-application from generation to generation to the ever-changing conditions that make life a puzzle and a joy. Today the world of Christians stands before the bar of God's judgments convicted, punished—and forgiven. Now for the tomorrows of our Nation and the world!

Journal Entries
Some folk go to a lot of trouble just to make a mistake.
The most talked about men in a community are usually those who talk about themselves.
If people, generally were mind readers, there would certainly be much more trouble in the world.

Where many men as rich as they look and act, there would be many more millionaires known to those present.
Perhaps it would be just as well not to tell the average youngster the thing that he mustn't say.

By The Way

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

THANKS!

I haven't time nor stationery to answer all the indications of faith and good will that have reached this desk during the past three days, but they are appreciated, just the same. And every time a wheelbarrow should be able to make good with an army of such friends behind him.
HONDO MURPHY alias Harve Parsons.

Only those who lost bets on him suspect the cullid gentleman of laying down.

Some of the headlines reported that Havana was quiet. But no place that substitutes Spanish for conversation is ever quiet.
King George goes on the water wagon, and gets more credit for it than does the gent who has occupied the driver's seat of the sprinkle-cart all his life. But that is the rule made and provided in such cases.

The best time to bet on an election is three hours and 22 minutes after the official vote has been printed in the official paper.

The crowd in front of a bulletin board is seldom disappointed. They come merely to confirm their judgment, and the bulletin gazers are, as a rule, the best guessers.

Sometimes the "congrats" offered the winner by the defeated candidate sound like he would prefer to use an axe rather than a pen.

The prize fight films will not be shown here. But if you are really interested in prize fighting, go to Paris or Martinique and get an eye full for less than a ringside seat cost in Havana.

Hon. H. Dink of the Foist Wawd, Chi., has been re-elected to the city council of that village. Reform comes from the West, by third class, low-insurance freight.

For the Hon. Dink has been on the job twenty years, and he uses "reform" as a cuss word.

They are throwing Giff Pinchot out of Germany. Germany and the Republic party may bear their other resemblances to each other, but that is the only one we can think of now.

Again they swear the pool halls in Empory. And there is a reason, as they say in Bottle Creek. Both Bill White and Walt Mason, owners and proprietors of Empory, are too fat to get within shooting distance of a pool table and do not care for that form of recreation.

Shultz, the Dutch comedian of this office, took one slant at the picture of the writer of this department and opined: "That will help some. Any crook who sees that in the paper will go around Topeka by way of Joplin, Oklahoma City, El Paso and Salt Lake."

The post mortems over a prize fight are hardest to bear. If they would maul the baled hay out of each other and then henned at each other, they would be highly satisfactory, but they spend the next month in telling the newspapers how it happened.

As we understand it, the Choinman cabting of der Prinz Eitel thought it more profitable to intern his ship than to go out where the British could intercept it.

The question of high school fraternities is again irritating the public eye. So far as a rank outsider can discover, the only important thing about the anti-frat disturbance is that certain persons past the frating age decide that there should be no fraternizing around that temple of learning.

One might suspect, from the cross examination the railroad officials are subjected to, that the state enticements

Regular services at the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene, 1110 Buchanan street. All cordially invited. James J. Ballinger, pastor.

\$75 saved on first class trip to San Francisco Fair—see H. P. Richards, 513 New England Bldg. Phone 1524.—Adv.

A half dozen auto loads of members of the Shawnee Golf club went out to Highland Park this afternoon for a picnic. The picnic was a success and the members of the club will serve as the links for the organization for the next fifteen years—unless in the meantime the Country Club decides to take the property over. In that case the club will use the present Country club links. A meeting of the organization will be held at the Commercial club quarters tonight.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS.
Christiana Hammill, age 76, died today at her home, 159 Forest avenue. The funeral will be held at 10 o'clock Monday morning at the Oakland M. E. church. Interment in Mount Hope cemetery.

Glen Arnold died Friday in Kansas City, Mo. The body will be brought to Topeka tomorrow and will be taken immediately to the Pleasant church where the services will be held. The hour for the funeral has not been announced because it is not known just when the body will arrive. Interment will be in Mount Pleasant cemetery.

Mrs. Elizabeth Zingheim, age 78, died last night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Foster, four miles east of Topeka. The funeral will be held at 9 o'clock Monday morning from the Assumption church. Burial in Mount Calvary cemetery.

The body of a resident of Topeka, having come here in 1870. She is survived by eight children: Mrs. Foster of Topeka; Mrs. Thomas Gordon of Blue Earth, Minn.; Herman T. and John Zingheim of Blue Earth; Joseph Zingheim of Devils Lake, N. D.; Ed Zingheim of Canon City, Colo.; and Frank and Harry Zingheim of San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. Marietta Griffith, age 66, died Friday at her home, 909 Madison street. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Sunday from Penwell's chapel. Interment in Topeka cemetery. Mrs. Griffith is the widow of J. H. Griffith, a railroad conductor who died recently.

She is survived by one son, J. M. Griffith of Galveston, and one daughter, Mrs. Clifford Rinehart of Topeka.

Stephen A. Short, age 78, of 315 Lincoln street, died Friday at the hospital. The body will be taken to Mechanicsburg, Ill., for burial. Mr. Short is survived by two daughters, Mrs. P. D. Peck and Mrs. M. B. Beeler of Topeka.

Well, this may be about all for a while; but let us continue to so live this life, that when we come to die, even the undertaker will be sorry.

So long, folks. Take ker o' yer se'f.

The Evening Story

(By Dorothy Douglas.)
Fair Exchange.

Peter Perkins came into temporary possession of the old Stanwood property through mutual friends of his own and the last remaining member of the Stanwood family. He did not know Madge Stanwood, nor was he in any way interested in making the girl's acquaintance so long as he had obtained a three year's lease on her property.

Peter was run down, physically, while Miss Stanwood was financially embarrassed. The transfer of property was a step in the right direction for both parties concerned. It left Madge free to go into the city and pursue her congenial labor while Peter Perkins could seek the robust health he had lost in his effort to find that vague pedestal called fame.

His channel had been flowing art, and Peter had succeeded to a flattering degree before his health—or the lack of it—had sent him to the country.

The Stanwood property was sadly dilapidated. The gardens, both vegetable and floral, were all but wrecked; the house was in a state of decay; the orchard, once bearing choice and rare fruit, was now a wilderness of weeds and an alarming extent, but with it all Peter felt sanguine as to the results he would obtain from his labor on the property.

Peter had worked with feverish inspiration on his art, and by so doing had arrived on the precipice of a nervous breakdown. The Stanwood place came as a blessing to him. Since he might not make further use of his brain during its protracted rebuilding, he rejoiced in the physical activity that would be demanded of him during his three years in the country.

It was difficult at first to get off the inertia that gripped him after leaving the steam-heated studio and his paints and models; but the trimming of shrubs and the necessary clearing of the land, sent Peter out with hedge scissors and an augmenting sense of zeal. Having come originally from the West, Peter was well adapted for outdoor life. Farming and the artist's temperament went strangely hand in hand in Peter's mind, and the difficult work of the farmer to come readily into activity.

When the shrubbery had been trimmed the trees in the orchard came next. Peter Perkins was accompanied and served only by old Greg, who was both an intelligent gardener and a handy man about the house.

"No social intercourse and no pottering about the place. Remember that," had been the doctor's parting words to Peter. "For one year at least."

And so Peter had foregone the pleasure of seeing even Doris Brown, the girl whom he had almost definitely fallen in love with and he had locked up his paints and brushes in the attic room and had bravely given the keys to old Greg.

"Don't give it to me—even if I fire you for not doing so," he commanded Greg, and the old man kept the key.

Before the cold weather came the cowshed was mended, the chickens coops whitewashed and a cockerel and a hen added to the meager flock, and all other preparations for an excellent springtime were made. The poor little rabbit was given the domestic arrangements among the barnyard life, Peter and Gregory turned their attention to their own habitation.

During the winter months they painted every inch of the interior of the Stanwood house and mended roofs and draughty doors and windows. Creeping vines were trimmed so that with the springtime rosebushes would seek admission to the old living room through its great stone fire-place and lofty ceilings.

It was not until the arrival of spring, when the verdure was brilliant and the fruit blossoms in full and odorous bloom, that Peter really threatened Gregory with dismissal.

"It's a chance in an artist's life," he stormed at the imperturbable old man, "that you get a perfect—there never was an orchard so beautiful. I could win a thousand dollar prize with just a small sketch. His tone had become somewhat wheedling.

"The blossoms'll be out again next year," was all Gregory said, and Peter raved in vain for the keys to his paints and brushes. He eyed Peter with a glow of pride. Somehow he felt responsible for the glow of health that was slowly progressing in Peter's body. "What the devil's that work at Stanwood farm was beginning to make evident. "We will have a hundred fine little rabbits if we don't watch out. He laughed. The question, however, was a serious one.

"Old Nancy is a real beauty now," he added as they watched the sleek fattened cow chewing her cud with boyish contentment. "Think of the fine milk that will be wasted. You and I can't get away with it."

Everything that Peter and Gregory touched was multiplied with astonishing rapidity. Each accused the other of possessing a weird charm with growing things. The wisdom of the development of the barnyard of prolific hens and Nancy's rich milk, the question of disposal of produce became an imperative one.

Old Gregory, however, had a scheme up his worn sleeve, but he kept it to himself until he had made a round of all the small cottages that surrounded the farm. They were tiny bits of property owned and inhabited largely by young married couples with small children. It was not easy to provision the homes with fresh vegetables and the grounds did not permit of gardening. The suggestion that Gregory made to those housewives was that he supply them with eggs, chickens, fruits and vegetables at a nominal price. Housewives one and all flew to the rescue of Peter and Gregory, and considered themselves very lucky to get the farm produce at such low prices.

The question of milk was difficult, as Nancy might not supply an entire community, and old Greg wanted Nancy's rich milk for a couple more like her.

Gregory for a moment very thoughtfully. "You know, of course, Gregory, that I am not going to take any profit from this business. No, I am not," he added swiftly, seeing the incredulity in Gregory's face. "You are going to take a certain per cent, but all the rest is going into that hole in the old chimney corner against the time Miss Stanwood returns. You see, it is really her farm."

"A pretty farm it was," said the old gardener disgustedly, but with added affection in his eyes for Peter Perkins. "Nevertheless the cow, the chickens,

the orchard and all are really belonging to her. You see it—do you not, Gregory?"

"Yes, I suppose I do," grumbled the old man, and turned away lest Peter Perkins see that which had risen in his eyes.

Justice to say the Stanwood farm became a paying proposition that quite exceeded the dreams of the temporary owner. The hole in the chimney corner was stuffed with bills and silver, and the day came when another brick had to be dislodged and another bank started.

The brushes and paint had been taken from the attic room, and Peter revealed anew in the blossoming orchard and his lover's model. One or two marvelous sketches found their way into the New York shops.

Peter had regained health, both mentally and physically, and it was a most attractive looking artist who looked up suddenly one sunny day in early spring to see a wood nymph standing gazing admiringly at his canvases.

His brushes were suspended in the clear air, so lovely was the girl. Her white dress seemed made to shelter the beauty of her oval face and the blue eyes held a hint of fear in them. She would have fled save that Peter stood there so calmly.

"If I could put you in this picture," he suggested, frankly, "I could most probably make several thousand dollars every morning."

The girl blushed shyly and drew a trifle nearer. There was awe in her glance. The orchard, as it appeared spring and to go away with the breeze. Certainly the petals were fluttering down.

"It would be a pity," she said softly, "to hold myself responsible for so great a loss to you. Since I am boarding in the Rose cottage it will give me moments each morning for you for a few hours."

"Hours!" breathed Peter eagerly. "So happened that old Gregory was not so much more on his hands than on the days before the nymph had arrived. One day he peered through the branches of the trees and eyes rested on Peter's model. Madge Stanwood, the last of the old family, was standing beneath a gnarled apple tree while Peter's brushes were rapidly extending her image onto the canvas. There was that in the eyes of Peter, and it reflected itself in the eyes of the girl, which made old Gregory laugh softly. Love in its most wonderful form was making the spring a Paradise.

At that very moment of old Gregory's easels Peter Perkins had said, "Wonderful girl!" in an awed, breathless tone, and Madge had returned softly:

"But you are a wonderful man, Peter, and her tone had been more awed, more breathless than Peter's own.—(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

IN ARKANSAS JAIL

Kansas Woman Sues 'Frisco for False Arrest.

Kept Prisoner for 2½ Months for Alleged Fraud.

Hutchinson, Kan., April 10.—After being locked up in an Arkansas jail for two and a half months, it was discovered that Mrs. Mae Fish was innocent of the charge of fraud on which she was arrested.

Mrs. Fish, whose home is at Greensburg, where she is highly respected, yesterday filed a suit for damages in the Reno county district court against the Frisco Railway company, for \$2,000 damages for the alleged false arrest and imprisonment.

It promises to be an interesting and somewhat sensational case.

Mrs. Fish was selling lamps at Fayetteville, Ark., and she was arrested on charges by the station agent at that place that she got a shipment of lamps through misrepresentation. She was arrested on a state warrant and placed in jail at Fayetteville.

Mrs. Fish, in her petition, alleges that she was kept in the same part of the jail with the men prisoners. The men were kept in open cells and Mrs. Fish had to sleep in the corridor in plain view of the male prisoners. She was kept there for two and one-half months. She alleges that she was subjected to humiliation and shame and that her reputation was damaged.

The woman was arrested in February and kept in jail until April, when the case came to court. It was discovered then that she was innocent.

Mrs. Fish came back to Greensburg, Kan., her home town. She has started suit in the Reno county court to recover \$2,000 damages for alleged false arrest.

Federal Reserve Banks.
Washington, April 10.—Holdings of legal tender notes and silver certificates by the Federal Reserve banks, according to the statement of their condition April 9, issued today, by the federal reserve board, is shown:

Gold coin and certificates.....\$29,540,000
Legal tender notes, silver certificates and subsidiary coin.....\$30,018,000

Total.....\$59,558,000
Bills.....\$29,540,000
Maturities within 30 days.....\$11,798,000
Maturities within 90 days.....\$14,842,000
Other.....\$8,800,000

Total.....\$53,251,000
Investments.....\$22,751,000
Due from federal reserve banks.....\$3,650,000
Items in transit.....\$4,829,000
All other resources.....\$7,482,000

Total resources.....\$54,701,000
Liabilities.....\$54,701,000
Cash on hand.....\$3,165,000
Reserve deposits.....\$29,042,000
Federal reserve notes in circulation (net liabilities).....\$10,494,000
All other liabilities.....\$4,000,000

Total liabilities.....\$54,701,000
Gold reserve against net liabilities, 30.16 per cent.
Cash reserve against net liabilities, 90.2 per cent.

Cash reserve against liabilities after setting aside 40 per cent gold reserve against net amount of federal reserve notes in circulation, 92 per cent.

BEST IN A YEAR.
New York, April 10.—Bradstreet's says: This week's reports, trade and industrial, are the best noted for some time past, being in some respects the most favorable received since the spring of 1914.

BITTER IS DEAD.
He Was One of the Best Known Sculptors in the Country.

New York, April 10.—Karl Theodore Francis Bitter, chief of the department of sculpture of the Pan-American exposition and one of the best known sculptors of this country, died in a hospital here today of injuries he suffered when he and Mrs. Bitter were run down by an automobile in Broadway. Mrs. Bitter's injuries are not serious.

Mr. Bitter was director of sculpture of the Buffalo exposition and was in the department of sculpture of the St. Louis exposition. He has executed many important private commissions. He was born in Austria and came here and works in the home of Collis P. Huntington, Cornelius Vanderbilt and other wealthy men.

PAPER CUT-OUTS FOR A RAINY DAY.
This is the month when everyone is talking garden. What to plant, how to plant, and where to plant it are the main things people think about apparently. It is a funny thing that people who can't have gardens are sometimes the greatest talkers. I suppose they are so sure of not having a garden, that they feel perfectly safe when they say what they would do and plant and grow if they had one! That's the way things go sometimes, you know.

Even you boys and girls have your own little patch, if you can; and you are planning just what you will grow on it and how beautiful you will keep down the troublesome weeds.

But some days in April it has to rain. And on rainy days you can't go out and look at where your garden is going to be and plan how beautiful you are going to make it. You can't even go to the park and see where the city gardens will soon bloom for everybody.

You say you don't know how? Well, you'll know in a minute!

Listen!

Collect as many pieces of clean white paper as you can find—letter paper or tablet paper is the best kind for it is stiff enough to hold its shape nicely.

Then get some small, sharp scissors and you are ready to begin.

Now, spread out your paper on the table in front of you. Sort the sheets into different piles according to size. Perhaps you have used envelopes (the inside of an envelope is clean and can be used, you know), or some pieces of old paper, or scraps of paper from the bottom, or perhaps your paper is just fresh tablet paper. Whatever it may be, sort into sizes and cut the pieces into squares.

Take up one square. Fold it into half, then into quarters, then into eighths. Then cut the folded outside into a pretty curving shape. Unfold it and see what a flower-like shape you have! Isn't it pretty?

Now fold and cut another piece and

As you fold and cut, think of all the flowers you have ever seen. Can you remember the shapes of their petals? If you can, you